

Halo FightFanfic Request

by IndyWorks

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Summary: Friend asked me to write something for him. A little more information at start of story. :- It isn't very good, in my opinion. But its the best fanfic type thing I have on my computer right now so I figured might as well post it. Couldn't do any harm.

Halo FightFanfic Request

Request From Friend: Halo fight- One Spartan 25 Elites (Sangheili)
(Note: Not very good, and def. not plot-based writing. Just a fight-scene.)

The Sangheili Major, Gorna watched the battle rage below his Phantom. Hundreds of Unggoy streamed out of the dozens of dropships, only to be met by the machines the Humans called "Warthogs". The heavy caliber weapons on the back of the Human transports ripped through the poorly armored little aliens. It didn't do anything to stop the dog-like aliens blood-frenzy however, and the humans where forced to retreat from the endless waves.

Despite the forced retreat, Gorna knew that the Unggoy didn't stand a chance. Thats what the mission he was on was supposed to change. The three Phantoms of his Command flew over the raging battle. They where going to drop twenty five Sangheili on a plateau just above the Human Warthogs. From there, they would fire their fuel-rod cannons down, destroying the human resistance.

It was an insultingly easy mission, but Gorna knew that it was just another obstacle placed in front of him on The Great Journey by the Gods. If he gave in to the temptation to give the mission to a lesser Sangheili, it would only bring shame to his arrival to the Gates of the Gods.

Gorna saw the approaching plateau, and was surprised to see a figure standing on the smooth rock. It didn't take him long to recognize one of the Human Demons, or Spartans as the pink-skinned aliens referred

to them as. So this was why he had been sent on this mission by the Prophets. It was indeed an obstacle to test his will.

He let an eager grin spread along his face, and activated his energy sword. The other Sangheili all did the same. Gorna could almost smell the anticipation for battle that his fellow warriors felt. The three Phantoms lowered to dropping distance, and the Sangheili in his ship jumped onto the rocky outcropping.

The Human Demon knelt, his energy shields flickering brightly. Gorna wasn't fooled. He'd seen the Demons use their armor lock before. He stopped and waited for the shield to dissipate. He realized too late, that several of the other warriors in his division had never seen the shields before. Four of them raced towards the Demon, eager to rid the galaxy of an abomination like this.

Gorna didn't have time to order them back, and knew it wouldn't have made a difference either way. The Demons Armor Lock-up ran out, and the resulting shockwave knocked two of the Minors down. He grabbed his weapon, a shotgun, and pumped three quick blasts. The two Minors still standing were torn to shreds by the bullets, and the first to rise after the shockwave lost his head.

The fourth Sangheili was up and running, too close for the Demon to aim. It dropped the weapon, unsheathing its knife. It jumped to the side, and the Sangheili Minor slid to a stop, attempting to turn and launch an attack. The Demon jumped on the back of the Minor, stabbing its knife into the neck of the warrior. The dying Sangheili bucked several times, trying to dislodge the Human but quickly lost energy.

Gorna growled with rage, and roared for the attack. Twenty one Sangheili charged at the Human Demon. Before they could get close enough to use their energy swords, the Human had his shotgun back in his hands. He got off the two remaining shots in the weapon, both kills, and then switched to the rifle commonly used by the Human military.

Bullets ripped through the shields of two more Sangheili, and they quickly dropped. Seventeen Sangheili remained, still a formidable force. The Human sprinted towards the Sangheili soldiers, not bothering to reload. Two plasma grenades appeared in his hands, and the Demon jumped. It dropped the two grenades onto the heads of the Sangheili, and landed in a roll. It activated the armor lock-up again and the explosion from the two grenades splashed against the shield. Four Sangheili were killed by the two grenades. Thirteen left.

Gorna knew that even if the Demon killed all the other Warriors, he could still take it down, but his mission would most likely be a failure. The Demon reloaded its Shotgun, then pulled its assault rifle out. He had enough time to reload both weapons while the Sangheili warriors reloaded. Statistically speaking, the human had an advantage with weapons. It could fire from a distance, while the Sangheili were limited to close range.

Gorna considered the Fuel Rod cannon each Sangheili carried, but immediately discarded the idea. The Plateau wasn't large enough for the explosions not to do collateral damage, and the Sangheili didn't have the Armor Lock-up the humans armor boasted. No, this battle

would be decided by the Swords given by the Prophets themselves.

Gorna barked out a few quick orders, and the Sangheili split into a line. The human wouldn't be able to devastate his ranks again, not with grenades anyways. The Human quickly started firing in quick, concentrated bursts. Two Sangheili fell under the stream of bullets, but the rest slowly advanced. The human threw its weapon aside, and drew its shotgun. Gorna gave a second order, and the eleven remaining Sangheili sprinted towards the human. It fired all five of its rounds in quick succession.

One miss, four kills. It raised its weapon, blocking an energy sword. The glowing blade cut halfway through the powerful gun however, and the Demon dropped it. It drew two of the powerful pistols the humans favored, and blew his way out of the snare. Still not a scratch on the Spartan, and only five remaining Sangheili.

The demon reloaded the two pistols, and dropped three of the other Sangheili. It was down to Gorna, and one other warrior. The human was completely out of bullets now, and it dropped its pistols. The glint of silver from the knife was the last thing the second Sangheili saw. The Human slashed across the warriors face, then kicked the injured Sangheili off the Plateau with a powerful slam of its booted foot.

Gorna cautiously examined the Demon. Twenty four kills in less then five minutes. But now, Gorna would slaughter the Human. It would be a glorious battle indeed, and Gorna was looking forward to it. Gorna charged the human, prepared to simply slice through the knife, and then the armor behind it. He was surprised by the resistance the knife put up. His sword didn't cut right through it, like he'd expected. Then he saw the glittering energy barrier protecting it. It must have been protected by the Humans shields.

The two warriors spun away from each other, facing off for another bout. The human drew a second knife from its boot. It was just as long as the original, and had the same energy protection as the first. Gorna grunted, and scooped up the sword of a fallen Sangheili. The Warriors family would still gain honor, knowing that the weapon of their House helped kill a Demon.

Gorna charged the Human, and the Demon met him halfway. A clash of sparks, an excruciating pain, the feeling of cutting through shields and armor, then more sparks. The battle raged back and forth, neither Warrior gaining the advantage. Finally, Gorna kicked the Demon back and swung his swords both at the Demons chest. Just as he started to reach his mark, he diverted the blows.

One sword swung for the Demons legs, and the second toward its head. If executed correctly, the weapons would leave the Spartan in three pieces. Gorna realized the two flaws of the plan as his swords met shield. He'd under-estimated the strength of the Humans energy shields, and in the process left his chest wide open. He felt two excruciating bursts of pain in his heart and lungs. It felt as if daggers of pure fire where cutting through him.

Gorna fell to his knees, then backwards. He stared up at the night sky, his vision blurring. He wondered if this defeat would bring shame to his family. He knew that he certainly wouldn't be able to

complete the Great Journey without disgrace, but maybe his cousins could. The Human Demon stood over Gorna, and brought its boot down onto Gorna's face.

Lieutenant First Class Thomas, better known by his callsign "Boxer" felt the bones crush beneath his feet. The Elites were sloppy. They could easily have taken Thomas down, but instead they recklessly charged at him while he was in Armor-Lockup. He picked up one of the Fuel-Rod Cannons and approached the edge of the Plateau. He took careful aim, and started systematically destroying the Grunt Ghosts.

End
file.